

DOCTOR • WHO

SHIPWRECK!

PART TWO

Previously in *Doctor Who Adventures*: The Doctor and Martha, together with the crew of a fishing trawler called the *Seamancer*, have been transported 420,000 light years from Earth to the planet *Surobos*.

The *Seamancer* has been shipwrecked on the coast of a volcanic island and the survivors now face the deadly *Suroban*!

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Alien intruders!
According to the ancient lore of the shoal of Suroban your *worthless* lives are forfeit!

Hold on a minute - that's no way to welcome visitors!

We've come a *long way*, y'know... we were hoping for a nice *cup of tea*, not immediate execution.

Oof! All right, all right - I get the point. Points, *plural*.

Hey! Leave him *alone*!

You speak our language!

It's a *gift*. Please, don't hurt him... can't we *talk* about this? We're only here by *accident*.

Miss Jones is quite *correct*. Allow me to introduce ourselves... I am *Captain Ketley* of the *Seamancer*... this is my navigator *Mr Rourke* and the ship's cook...

Your names are *senseless*. I am *Alalai*, meaning *King-Queen* of the Long Dark Shoal of Suroban.

Oh, lovely to meet you. Alalai, that's a *great* name. Can I call you *Al*?

It is *not* a name. It is a *title*.

Ah. Nice *title*. I'm the *Doctor* - that's another title. Titles are *good*...



You say you have come to our world by *accident*. How is this possible?

Well, to cut a long story short, it's probably *my* fault. Slight misalignment of the materialisation field in my TARDIS! *Accidentally* flipped the *Seamancer* halfway across the galaxy... and here we are.



You *talk* too much!

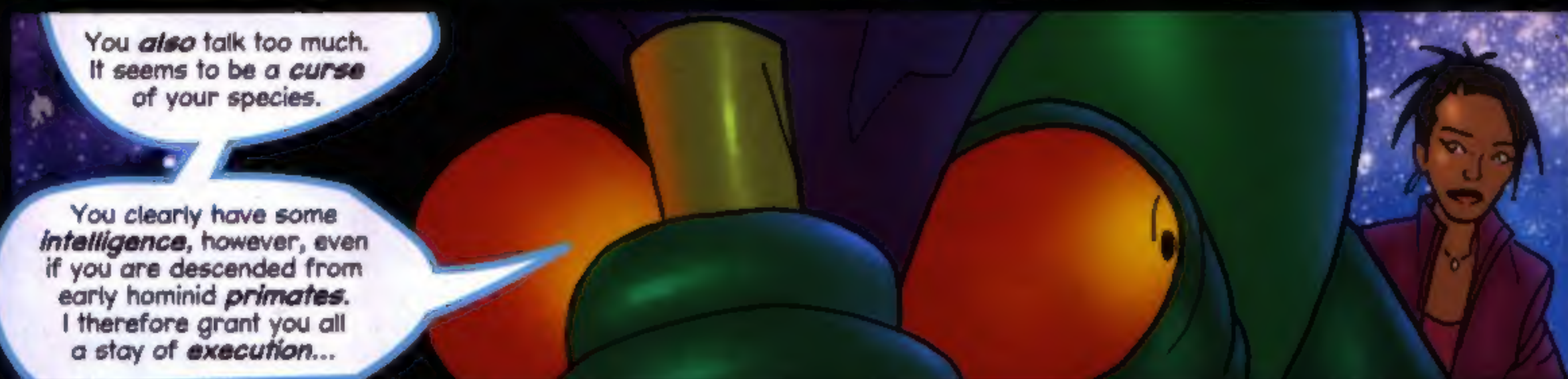
Tell me about it. Look, I know this is *awkward*. Uninvited guests and all that...



... and *believe me*, we didn't want to come here ourselves...

Why? What's *wrong* with our world?

Nothing, nothing at all. Listen, I *love* travelling around the universe, seeing new places, meeting new, er, people and everything. It's just that, with the Doctor, it gets *complicated*...



You *also* talk too much. It seems to be a *curse* of your species.

You clearly have some *intelligence*, however, even if you are descended from early hominid *primates*. I therefore grant you all a stay of *execution*...



You have until *moondown* to leave our world. If you are *still* on Surobos by the time the *three moons* have left the sky, then you will all be *killed*.



Great, fine, *whatever*. Can I please *get up* now?

And so...

Gentlemen, Miss Jones... this is a little more than a **death sentence**. I cannot see how we can **ever** leave this world, let alone do it by **morning**...

If we got here, we can get **back**. We need to recover the **Seamancer** first, though...

The aliens waste time and energy **arguing** among themselves...

Is there **any** way for them to leave Surobos, Alalal? Perhaps they require some **assistance**?

No, Jalkis. I forbid it! They are **alien** to our world and therefore **dangerous**. I have been patient and allowed them time enough to see their predicament for what it is - **futile**. At moon-down they will be **executed**.

The **Seamancer's** at the **bottom of the sea**, you idiot.

It sank off the cove. It can't be more than a few fathoms down.

Don't be **stupid**. Even if we **could** get it up, we can hardly just **sail** back to planet Earth, can we?

Let's hear what the Doctor has to say, cook. He knows more about this kind of thing than **any** of us. As far as I'm concerned, he is now **leader** of this expedition.

Bah!

We need to get the **TARDIS** back, don't we, Doctor?

Your **police box**?

That's the one. Martha's **right** - if I can get to the **TARDIS**, I can get us **all** back home. Unfortunately it **sank** with your ship.

Why are we **wastin' time** like this? We're all **dead meat**, I tell ya! Them **monsters**, they're just sittin' up there **laughin'** at us... waitin' until it's time to stick us all like **pigs**.

They've given us a little **time**, cook. We should try to **use it**. The Doctor and Captain Ketley will think of **something**...



It was that *skinny friend* o' yours that got us into this *mess* in the first place! I oughta *wring his scrawny neck...*

Yeah? Well I suggest you wait until he's *saved yours!*



Aargh! That man! He's so stupid!

He's *frightened*, Martha. The only way he knows how to express that is through *aggression*. Just ignore him.

Anyway, I've managed to pinpoint the *exact location* of the wreck. I'm going to try to *swim down* to it and find the TARDIS.



Swim down? You're *kidding*! That's *impossible*! You don't even have any *breathing gear...* you'll *kill yourself!*



Well, I can *hold my breath* for a *bit* longer than a *human*. Anyway, I have to *try* - it's our only chance.



Perhaps I can *help*, Doctor...

That's *very kind*. I could do with an extra pair of hands. Or *tentacles*.



I am *Jalkis*. We Suroban are equally at home *beneath* the waves as *above*.

That's lucky.

The waters here are infested with carnivorous *Skilus eels* and there will be much *danger* for you. I will guide you down to the wreck and *protect* you from the Skilus, but on *no account* must Alalal know that I am *helping* you.

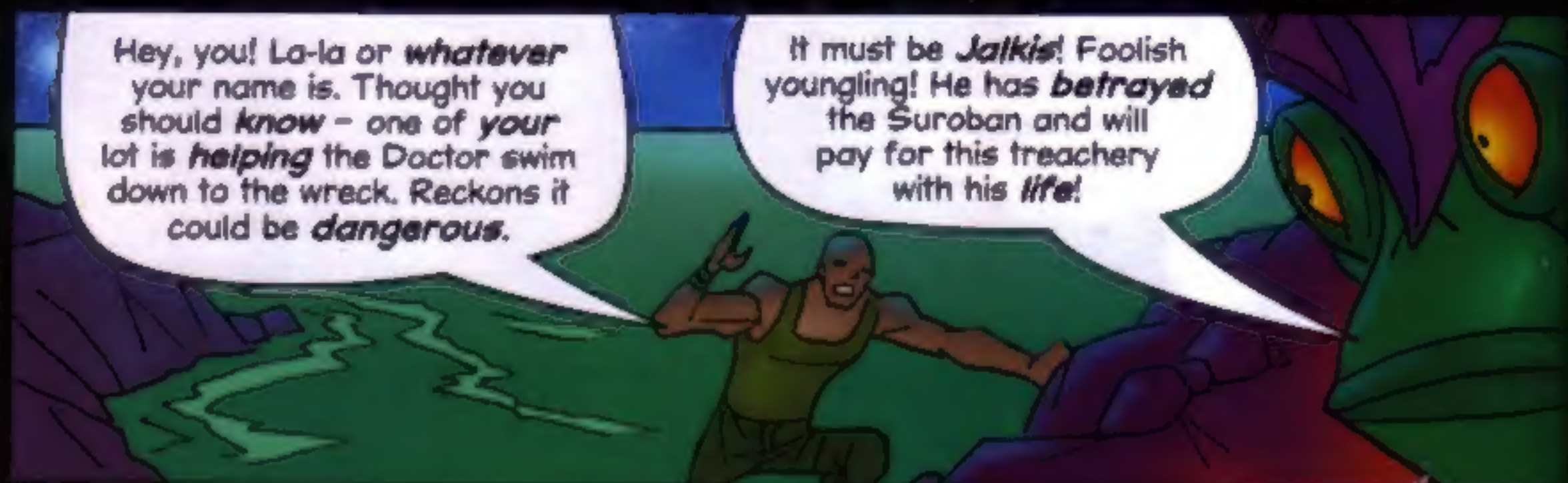
"The Skilus usually *attack* Suroban divers on *sight*, Doctor. Distracting them will be *easy*, but you must find what you are looking for *quickly*."



Hurry, Doctor! The Skilus can *sense* fear!

Hey, you! La-la or *whatever* your name is. Thought you should *know* - one of *your* lot is *helping* the Doctor swim down to the wreck. Reckons it could be *dangerous*.

It must be *Jalkis*! Foolish youngling! He has *betrayed* the Suroban and will pay for this treachery with his *life*!



Meanwhile...

The TARDIS - at last!

Aarrgh! Doctor!



Hey, what's going on? The third moon hasn't *gone down* yet! The Doctor's still down by the wreck!

We have been *betrayed*. You will *never* leave Suroban. Now is the time for you to *die*!

Don't poke me with that thing, you slimy lump! That wasn't part of the *deal*!



What deal?

I didn't *know* this would happen, I *swear*!



The Doctor *made* it!



Quickly! Jalkis has been *injured*. The Skilus eels got him!



Let me see him! Jalkis, can you *hear* me? Jalkis?

Do not touch the Suroban! I *forbid* it! Jalkis is a *traitor*!

He's *saved* all our lives, Alalal! Let us *treat* his wounds and we can all *leave* ...



... or would you rather us let Jalkis *die* so that you can have the *satisfaction* of killing the *rest* of us?

The *rest* of you? You talk as though Jalkis were *one* of you.

He is *now*.



Later...

I've stitched the wounds as best I can. I'm sure Jalkis will *recover* very soon.

You are *truly alien*, Martha Jones. No Suroban would do the *same* for you.

Oh, I dunno. Jalkis shows *promise*. I'd say he's more of a *hero* than a *traitor*. Make sure you treat him like one, Alalal.



I *will*, Doctor, if you *promise me* one thing - that *you* and all your kind leave Surobos *now*. Forever!



and so...

How's that?

Perfect!

How is he *doing* that? In an *old police box*?

Martha mentioned something about a *gravity beam*, but I think it is best *not* to ask. As long as the Doctor gets us back to *Earth*, I'll be happy... and so will the *Suroban*.



So, all you had to do was *reverse* the materialisation field for the *Seamancer* to go home?

That's *right* - only I also arranged a localised time reversal to *repair* the hull. I always like to leave things as I *found* them - if not *better*!

More adventures next issue!